

Boston, Jan. 4, 1841.

My dear James:

71

I am sorry to hear that you feel discontented with your present situation - that your health is not good - and that you seriously think of leaving Brooklyn for Boston. You complain of having too much hard work to perform, and say that George expects as much from you as from a well man. I am sure that it is not the desire of George, or of any of the family, that you should labor so as to injure yourself in the least. Far otherwise. They wish you to do just what you please by way of bodily exertion, and no more. They have said so repeatedly, and they mean just what they say. The difficulty is, you try to perform too much; and your ambition is more than a match for your strength. You further say - "This way of working all the time, and receiving nothing for it, does not please my fancy."

You entirely mistake the feelings of bro. George, if you suppose he is not willing to make you a liberal compensation for your labor. He will get you any kind of clothing that you want; and if you are "almost in rags," it is certainly not his fault, but yours, in not making your wants known. Why, dear James, do you hesitate to make known your feelings to him, and also state your necessities? He feels a brotherly interest in your welfare, and will rejoice to improve every opportunity to make your condition comfortable and pleasant. As to what I have done for you, let it not be named. You are welcome to it all, and to as much more as I may, from time to time, be able to do for you; and the only remuneration that I want is,

to see you leading a sober and virtuous life. And I can truly say, that I have been exceedingly rejoiced in spirit to hear such good things about you from George and the girls. They praise you highly, and have supposed that you would like them well enough to remain in Brooklyn for some time to come. I hope you will do so. Let me entreat you not to come to any hasty conclusion about leaving, but to deliberate well and long before you make up your mind to change your situation. You think you can find a place in Boston where you can get an easy living; but this is by no means certain. One thing is certain, however: you cannot live in this city, and go among your old associates, without falling into temptation, and making yourself wretched and miserable. This is your misfortune. The petition which our Saviour has taught us to offer up is, "Lead us not into temptation." If we are conscious of our own weakness before its terrible power - if we desire to escape from wrath and ruin - ought we not to avoid the society of those, as far as practicable, who care not how soon we go down to a grave of infamy, and who are themselves the victims of debauchery and intemperance? Dear James, I do not wonder that you feel, occasionally, somewhat lonesome and "down-hearted," in consequence of seeing so few with whom you are acquainted; but is it not better that you should be surrounded by a few choice friends, than by a host of those who will lead you astray, while they pretend to regard your welfare? Remember that you have now an excellent opportunity to recover yourself in every particular, and to begin the world anew. Do not lose it - do not despise it - do not deem it a hardship. So long

as you have any appetite for ardent spirit - so long as you are not sure that you can resist its sorcery power - take the advice of a brother who loves you as he does himself, and remain where you will be the least exposed to be tempted and overcome. Liquor has been your worst foe. It has made you die a thousand deaths - robbed you of all your hard earnings - subjected you to a vast amount of suffering - and made shipwreck of your moral nature. You ought to hate, fear, avoid it, at all times and under all circumstances, as you would the bite of a rattlesnake, or the infection of the plague. Pray to God for strength to sustain you, and make up your mind, in the spirit of a moral hero, no more to touch, taste or handle the unclean thing. Then will you live in a new world, and be a new creature.

Then will you be able exultingly to exclaim - "Old things are passed away! Behold, all things are become new!"

You wish me to send you a dollar, so as to enable you to come to Boston on foot. I have written to George to give you some ^{money}, and also to supply you with clothing. When you were here, I frankly but kindly told you why George and myself felt so reluctant to give you money: it was because of our fears that it would be spent in a manner not conducive to your welfare. Dear James, will you blame us for this? It is for your temporal and eternal good that we do it, though it may seem a hardship. Still, if you will take the responsibility, you shall have money, from time to time, as well ^{as} clothing; and I hope it will be wisely spent. Do not think of walking to Boston. At this inclement season of the year, it would be a rash act, and would in all probability put in peril your existence.

I shall send you in the next Liberator bundle,
a Russian Lotion for Chills, which I hope will cure
your feet. How anxious I am that you should guard
yourself from the cold as much as possible! Remember
the old adage—"an ounce of prevention is worth a pound
of cure"—especially in your present feeble state of health.

Single. — Paid.

James H. Garrison,
Care of George W. Benson,
Brooklyn,
Connecticut.

If George cannot find suitable cloth in Brook-
lyn for your pantaloons, write me word immediately
what kind you want, and I will forward it by the
bundle. If I could be sure of fitting you, I would send
on a pair already made up. Can I get you any thing else?
We are all well, and Helen and mother send
their kind remembrances. Your loving brother, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.